Impostor

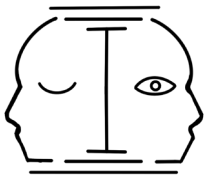
GEOGRAPHY

Volume 2, Issue 2 July 2022

Impostor

A Poetry Journal

Volume 2, Issue 2 • July 2022



Impostor: A Poetry Journal
Volume 2, Issue 2 • July 2022
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Impostor syndrome: the belief that talents and
accomplishments are fraudulent or the result of luck.

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From the Editors

Everyone has a history: a compendium of memories that make us who we are. Growth and travel are similar in that we experience both in several forms—physical, emotional, spiritual—that bring us from one place to another. In this sense, we draw our own maps. Our history becomes our geography.

In this issue, we invited contributors to explore their own meanings of geography. These poems invite us to follow their maps and experience their journeys.

We thought Sam Schroeder's cover art was perfect for this issue—a ghost looming over a city—because memories often haunt the places that make up our histories.

As always, thank you to all of our readers, contributors, and supporters. We wouldn't be here without you!

Warmly,
L.M. Camiolo and Coral O'Leary

Our Mission

Perhaps you've experienced it yourself—we certainly have! The literary world is rife with lofty and exclusionary definitions of what qualifies the title of "poet." When we decided to create this journal, we knew that first and foremost, we wanted to create a welcoming and encouraging space for writers who may feel intimidated by the established literary world or who feel as if their credentials—or lack thereof—don't fall in line with what's expected. We want your submissions regardless of your history; age, academic background, or the length of your curriculum vitae hold no influence on our view of what constitutes a poet. Your voice matters—we want to hear it!

Table of Contents

Beck Anson
The Lake in My Town 3

Sarah Terkaoui
We the women 4

Katey Linskey
Cheap Metal 5

J.I. Kleinberg
the land ambles 6

Sam Szanto
On screen 7

Eleanor Porter
Rainy days 8

Kezia Lockhouse
Finding Our Feet 9

Rebecca Green
Heritage 11

Julia Ongking
Homecoming 12

Jessica Berry
Food Diary 13

Shirley Jones Luke
Juxtaposing the Black Girl & the Abuse 15

Andrew Shumway
Art: *Untitled tetraptych* 16

Ash Good
this is what i will tell them 17

Lady Red Ego
Ursa Minor (The Lesser Bear) 18

Theo Loftis
A City Is Not A Tree 19

Anita Kottapalli
The map of my hands 21

Chris Blexrud
Trippin' 22

Andy Butter
Nonbinary Triple Sonnet with Animorphs and Water ~~*for Brother*~~ 23

Apollo Chastain
Arrivals 25

Angela Acosta
Non-native Species 26

Holiday Noel Campanella
In Praise Of Northern Aggression After Living Without Salted Roads In The South For A Winter 27

About the Contributors 29

About the Editors 34

The Lake in My Town

Beck Anson

For the rest of that summer,
I heard Lake Champlain calling
me closer. But I didn't want
my first time after surgery
to be in a body of water whose
namesake was a man. That
water would feel abrasive
to my skin. No, I'd much rather
the first kiss of my scars be less
masculine. After spending the day
foraging for mushrooms—hedgehogs,
lion's mane, even some oyster—
I left my basket and knife behind
in the cabin and lay myself
down in Rich Lake, like gold,
like the wreck, like where
I belong.

We the women

Sarah Terkaoui

Sit on the veranda
mosquito-haloed
in the swing
of a single bulb.
Holding great metal bowls
to bosoms, cradled

dear as infants.
Shelling peas,
coring courgettes
and aubergines.
Quick fingers calloused.
Rolling vine leaves

thin as the cigarettes
smoked by the men inside,
their only calling leisure.
A yellow sea beyond
throws out salt breath,
nibbles concrete walls,

chews metal furniture red raw,
but does not draw us
from our occupation.
Children run past squalling,
but on the veranda
sweat mixes with stories,

binds us together
tight as *yebra*,
sweet as *baklava*.

Cheap Metal

Katey Linskey

There's an ache in my left earlobe,
guess I'm too old for cheap

thrills. This one-dollar set of hoop earrings
isn't cutting it anymore.

My body is no stranger to the ringer—

but now I book private rooms, shy
away from sleeper trains. I used to run
from wonder to the next waterfall.

Now, every field is a field.

Every trash-lined highway smells
like inconvenience. I've seen the phrase

tattooed on enough forearms

alongside compasses, maps, and planes—
to know *not all who wander are lost*, but some are.

How thin can I spread this journey

and call it freedom?

Tastes like longing. I've got no straight
answer when people ask, *where's home*? Finches

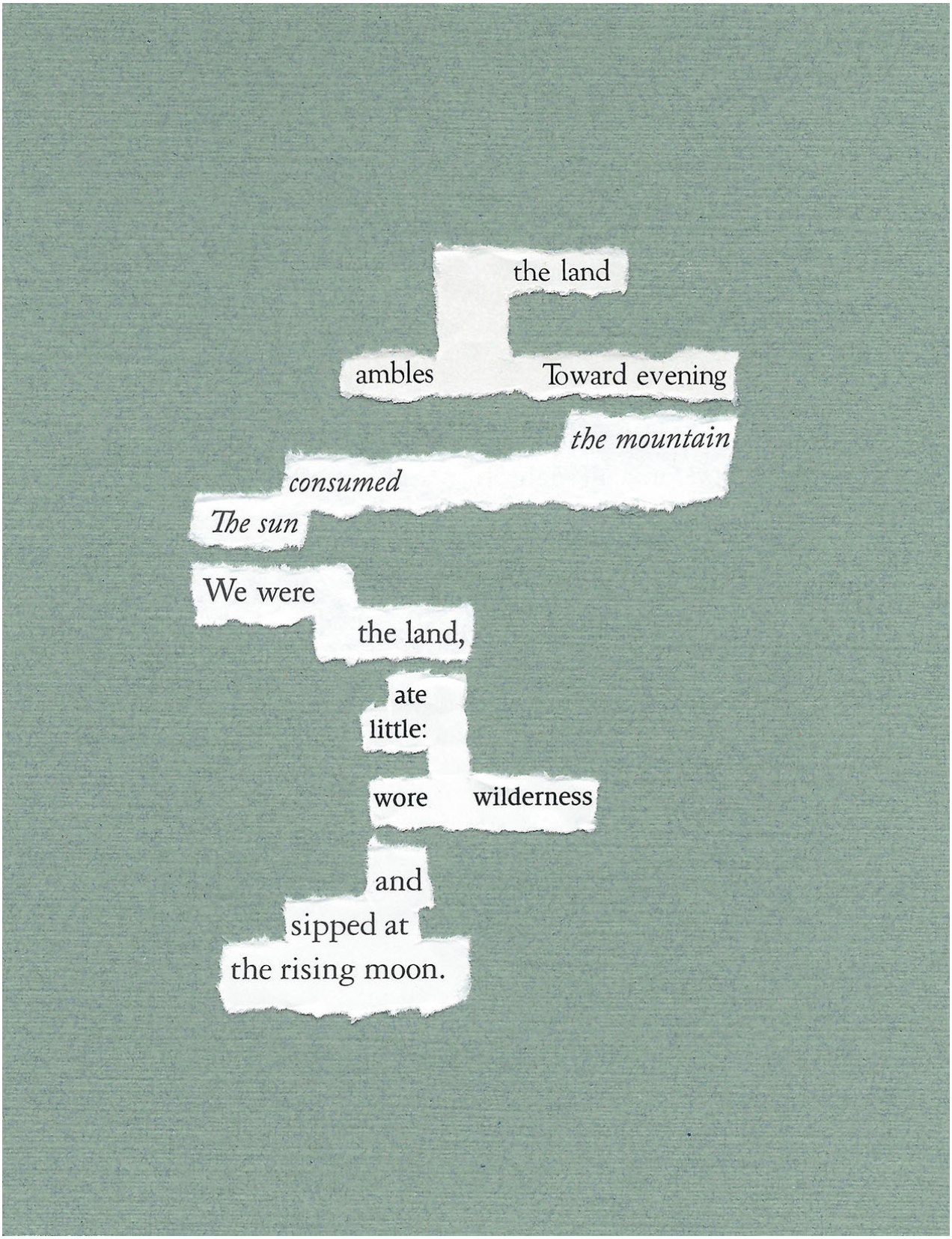
ate my bread crumbs moons ago. These hillsides
are less green than I expected. Broken by dry season,
& underwhelming—like every vista lately.

All erosion. My head rattles against the dirty bus window,
landscape stripped clean of trees,

slash & burn. Dust cakes in my mouth,
I shut my eyes against another dying field.

the land ambles

J.I. Kleinberg



On screen

Sam Szanto

a boy runs shoeless across a parched cracked riverbed
happy about how fast it'll dry I hang out bedding

cows hide under a bridge from the tantruming sun
buy my daughter sandals on Amazon

volunteers spray water on heat-struck commuters
factor 30 and San Tropez added to the order

a worker pulls a handcart loaded with air coolers
drive the half mile to my child's school

in wet-bulb temperatures a crowd cools in a canal
watch her one-on-one class at the baths

the biggest city repeatedly has no electricity
she watches the CBeebies bedtime story

juice is dispensed to those breathless on the roadside
I pour away a half-drunk glass of lemonade

a burning rubbish dump chokes residents
the smell of a barbeque drifts through the window

women lug drinking water home
pour a glass of wine and chill

a vendor breaks a slab of ice to sell
turn the screen off and go to sleep.

Rainy days

Eleanor Porter

As I feed the hens, the sodden ground
pools around my shoes;
I go back in, make coffee and stare out
at the long chains of rain against the glass.
I'm thinking about money.

The screen performs its waking up;
I pull the blinds half down,
focus on the drip, drip, drip of work that leaks
through days and weeks, that must be done before—
what? Before I lift mine eyes unto the hills...

Where the cloud luff lingers in the hollows
brown rock, whiteness, nothing else;
up there in the dingle I could be
lost in the exhalation of the rain,
find myself a footfall in the mist.

Perhaps. The slough of gutter water in the street
is backing to the rain's patter.
Don't go outside, stay at your desk, many more days like this
and what will you do for money?
I make another coffee and sit down.

Finding Our Feet

Kezia Lockhouse

We dreamt of a journey
An adventure, a four-month
Jaunt into nature
As newlyweds

A personal challenge
Jointly undertaken, just
Our two—four—feet
And one landmass
To walk over, through, into
The heights and heart of
Our mother country

Dreams as wind in sails
To propel us through
The inevitable
Mud, trudge, drudge of
A nomadic way
Largely forgotten
To discover home
And who knows what

Oh to have had the
Space of a time and distance
Traversed at the pace
Of our two—four—feet

I dreamt of peace
Simplicity and the
Heightened pleasure of
Everyday luxuries made scarce

Of connecting to the thread
Of things older, slower and
More stable than my
Frenetic existence. Happy earth.
Hoping to find transcendence
One way or another

But then a plague
Swept across the globe
And through the isle

Dreams dashed and
We as shipwrecks
Washed up on unexpected yet
Familiar shores. Stayed home. Found
A different kind of pause

A contraction of time
At a time we'd marked
For elongation and exploration

And in that stasis
As we waited, we created
Another kind of adventure

You.

So I connect to the
Thread all the same
And I become the landscape
Over which you can find your way
To grow, to go, to follow us
Into being

I become mother country
and share my lifestuff with you
From my John O' Groats to my
Land's end. The limits of me
Will frame the possibilities of you

And so we dream again
Of long walks, but now
With you at our side

And whatever life throws
We'll take in the stride of our
Two—six—feet.

Heritage

Rebecca Green

I come from sad Sunday nights,
Frozen states of anxious fervour,
Waiting for time to pass.
I'm the opened mouthed second
Between the breath and the gasp,
A nothing, a pause, an anticipation.

I come from rationed lives, thin
With empty tins and spent guns,
Bleak clouds on high peaks, trysts
Born from rough grasses and skin
So thick that sadness is a weighted
Blanket instead of a high peal bell.

I come from a litany of lies, of
A man with two wives and no stories
To tell of my blood in St Andrew.
I could be heat ripe and love fed in my different body,
Could know what home feels like as people I see,
Look something like me.

I come from the shadows of poverty,
But lit in the light of enough.
I've stood in a stocked pantry, a wraith in the waiting,
Watching a version of myself, playing.
No one I know has a grave anymore,
So I stand inside the pauses, and remember.

Homecoming

Julia Ongking

i remember it being small, but not this small.
rotten acacia melts under my heels as mama's
favorite driftwood rests drained, spongy
like marrow, succumbing to the weight of the girl
who once played, jumped, danced with her sisters
watching the tides of the cauayan sea.

how far have i drifted from the shores
of my childhood? mama tells me the aspin
my sister had once named Toto after her search
for a father passed away a few summers ago,
the washed-up sand left devoid of shallow footprints,
from neither us girls or a long-lost dog.

if only time could be captured
like the ghost crabs we used to collect
digging our innocent yet murderous fingers
through powdery, then oily layers of sand,
displacing them, showing them to lola
before she walked into the sea, later to
only to watch their deaths, inevitable, in the bottom of a glass,
like the mysterious disappearance of one big filipino family.

Food Diary

Jessica Berry

Monday (1000 Calories)
Food diary, I confess, I have been mulish. Today is a new week, and sacred time to
Slough off these flabby ropes tugging at my back. Correct the curmudgeon cat scratchings
Reddening my stomach. I will not hog leather staff room sofas like an army tank; I will be
Notably angular and dream of a body to stretch or starve for.

Tuesday (800 Calories)
Instagram has been an excellent motivator. The artisanal inner sanctum who drink £10
Tart smoothies, swear by beetroot brownies, rebrand thigh gaps as adages, kiss
Pectoral muscles and Balenciaga pool slippers, dot the i's in paid promotion with evanescent
Hearts—I'll emulate their eloquent lines and dream of a body to lie for.

Wednesday (600 Calories)
Cruel infections sting in my sweet teeth: a serrated reminder of all the naughty things I've
Consumed before this new me. The spirits of masticated pizza, factory calamari, glazed
Cherries as tough as knuckles rise to gums. I press a hot water bottle to
Contaminated cheeks—and dream of a body to spit up sins for.

Thursday (400 Calories)
Today the garden is a greenhouse: I brave a swimsuit. It is no longer my right
To read romance novels on the back porch; swap these for screeds that teach
How to suppress appetites with cigarettes and black coffee. The neighbour's children
Use their trampoline; I run inside at their launch. I dream of a body that now I must hide for.

Friday (2,500 Calories)
Food diary, let me poke out my pupils with your accusatory edges. Palm tree print
Boiler suits have become my official occasion uniform. Sticky cages in balmy air
Make it impossible to disassociate from this rejected bin liner of skin. I've
Imbibed too many salvers of warm wine. My dream body is detritus, stuck to the glass.

Saturday (4000 Calories)
I can no longer stand the puissant stench of too many fake tans blending together.
Burning knots in my throat; a memento of the singer massacring Neil Diamond, too many
Tapas options, syrup sucked from cocktail straws, 24 hour chicken shop on Dublin Road,
Of all my mistakes. The open mouth pivots back to bidding a dream body goodbye.

Sunday (The Sabbath Forbids Counting)
The minister says, "This is your father's house." I wipe down the surface of my life with
Bleach. Smoothing his cream horn collar, he preaches of the palatial physique bestowed
Unto all who deny fleshy temptations, who get wristbands to Heaven. Food diary, I will
Pick up your fat spine again tomorrow. In tandem, we can dream of a body to die for.

Juxtaposing the Black Girl & the Abuse

Shirley Jones Luke

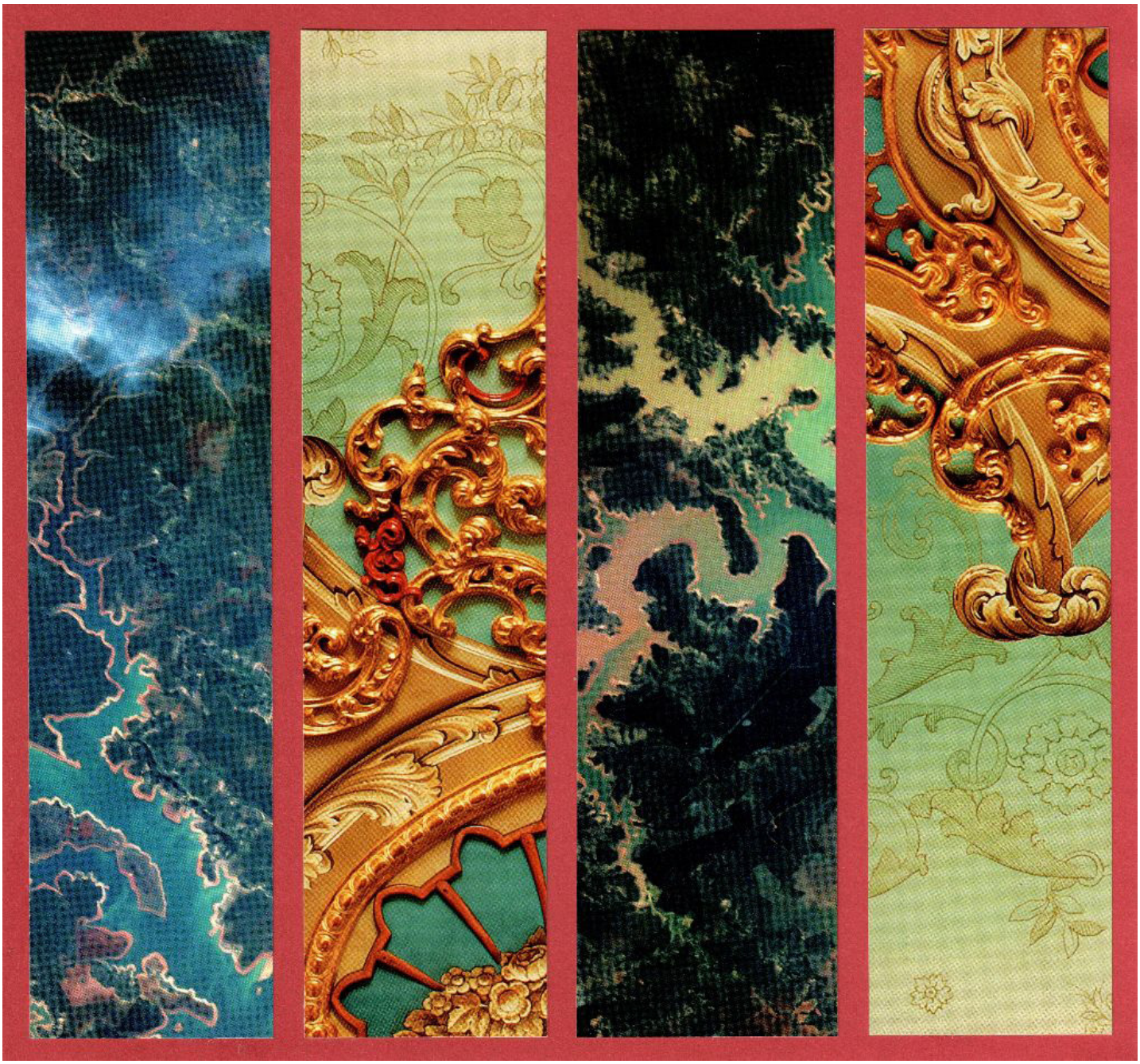
one is stone & the other is moss
    one connects & the other is connecting
one is a force & the other is a flower
    with petals, wilting & dropping

one's whole life is a timeline
both are trying to find someone who will listen

    home is a battlefield

both are the subject of conversation
some want to restrain them/some want them to use restraint

    & not let the bruises show



Andrew Shumway, *Untitled tetraptych*, 2021, repurposed paper collage

this is what i will tell them

Ash Good

1

according to my astrological ~~heart~~ *i mean chart* the wounded healer is half human half beast & i have a talent for blurry binaries in the past i've tried to make this not my story said *it won't be easy this way* but you try to quell the sound of hoofs midair you try to patch the holes i can't see wind or what makes a mess or sorts piles at its own whim

2

20% of mental health depends on vacuuming or sweeping sometimes you think i am offering a metaphor & i am not you cut me & i loose ~~a poem~~ *i mean blood* in blooms as i blot & blot what you've opened & i fold & find a clean spot & blot i am a mess & as hard as i try not to make a thing of a mess there in pile of napkins a rorschach

3

cells oxidizing & ~~haunted by~~ *i mean blessed with* meaning i keep a strobilus next to the books to remind much of this smarter than us follow it back to its origin but don't stop some other thing grew the source material or concocted the ingredients in a laboratory or other if you point & say *fractal* i'll say *have you ever ate acid sat on a curb under a streetlight*

4

& held a pinecone? fuck man the whole tree is in there the. whole. tree. & you say *yeah & when pinecones get warm they open*— didn't know it was based on heat but makes sense when i get warm i open small tap enrages or i'll accuse you of being sticky *don't touch* like we all don't have sap on our ~~heart~~ *i mean hands* & a damn forest itching inside

Ursa Minor (The Lesser Bear)

Lady Red Ego

Later, Jupiter practiced en pointe on the sundial.
Practice makes leaving bearable. And I wondered
how you told the time in the dark. There are poems
where night controls itself, stretches into valleys,
holds basins for sparrowstars to shake off their feathers.
You know what Callisto whispered to me? That she'd
always wanted to be an animal. Men could never touch her.
And as I watched, she bounded over moonrock, her fur
rippling like black rivers. My current is not so strong.
It rolls hours over shallows, softens them. I followed
the browning trail on my belly and found no end to this.
No such luck. Once, I hoped I could also remain unwed.

Jupiter fell. Practice makes bruises. Every freckle
on your skin took flight, lifted into the sky in a
hailing storm. Still, the clock told me no news,
which I've heard is good news. *Artemis*
will never find me, said Callisto.
She would never think to look
for me here.

A City Is Not A Tree

Theo Loftis

". . . For the human mind, the tree is the easiest vehicle for complex thoughts. But the city is not, cannot and must not be a tree. The city is a receptacle for life. If the receptacle severs the overlap of the strands of life within it, because it is a tree, it will be like a bowl full of razor blades on edge, ready to cut up whatever is entrusted to it. In such a receptacle life will be cut to pieces. If we make cities which are trees, they will cut our life within to pieces."
- Christopher Alexander

Apparently. Or a ladder. Or a series of closed cells. Usually, at least. But you know this already, know your Deleuze and Guattari. Rhizomatic, they'd say. Intermezzo.

In 2018 I met with ten people in a park, all strangers to each other, but all with mutual connection. This is what it means to not be a Tree. To tie branches together in a park. To fuse the branches and watch them grow new shapes. Intermezzo.

If a city is not a Tree, it is something more fluid, porous. But for safety, we've reverted to an arborescent structure, freezing jumps between branches. This city is not a rhizome. It is not a ghost town, either. It is cold. A crystalline web of untouched ends.

This city looks much like a Tree, because the city is not itself. A city is not a Tree under normal circumstances.

My lover says quarantine draws a line in the sand. Nonmonogamy enjoys warming public opinion but today inter-household movement is cancelled, even by queers. This is not a rhizomatic way of thinking, counting connections and truncating them. You know this, and yet.

Instead of healing the gash with our hands, we find workarounds. We visit the riverbank and keep our distance. We pick up sticks and lay them down, one after the other, slowly making arrangements, move after move.

Little sculptures in the sandy dirt, because there is not much to talk about beyond wounds.

I ask my microbiologist friend to tell me other forms of mutualistic life, because enough about rhizomes and Deleuze. Almost on the spot, she sends me a video. Bacteria doing horizontal gene transfer. The video is from a website called LabTube, which I never would have found on my own. On the left side, two bean-shaped organisms in grayscale. On the right, the same organisms bright green on a black background. Nothing happens on the left. On the right side, lower bean extends an arm to grab a red crumb, wobbling and bending awkwardly.

My friend says this is what happens when trees get boils. A grab at the interior, an absorption. The bacteria performs a horizontal gene transfer, taking some of the tree's DNA and becoming it. Have you ever heard of such a thing? Overtaking cells, confusing them with this transgressive sex.

This is not the metaphor I want. Nonconsensual, destructive mutuality. Nevertheless I watch the video again and again. It is only three seconds long. It is uncomfortable, microscopic, and obtuse. But for the biologist it has power. I have never wanted scientific fact so badly.

What is intimacy without overlap, without shared space? I start to wonder what I might learn from the incessant chain emails from people I don't know. Or even the zoomcrashers. It's some kind of drift, untethered by etiquette. Built upon something pervasive, fleeting, common.

Maybe God bless the stuff that doesn't make sense under a microscope. Maybe God bless the branches overhead, their future growth, however paused. Those fallen for us to pick up and rearrange. And the Tree, save it from the boils.

The map of my hands

Anita Kottapalli

father's hands
pat earth
seeds into soil
flowers from
jasmine
feed me
bites off his
plate
muscle memory

mother's hands
petite
selfless
brush my hair
tight
up into air where
lessons
life sings

sister's hands
grow
too fast
strong
lift me up
soft
laughs secrets
handshakes

Trippin'

Chris Blexrud

That's the way the world works.
We forget each other.
Not all at once. But in
short stretches. Fits and starts.
Like how the sound falls away from
a tape over time. The loss comes
in layers. A texture in a sound.
A coarse feeling that settles in
on long road trips where
the mind rides radio waves out
toward the countryside. A bug
hits the windshield at 85 mph with
a subtle pop on the glass, and
the stereo plays something about
one body dying on another.

Nonbinary Triple Sonnet with Animorphs and Water ~~for Brother~~

Andy Butter

We play a game called *Where was this water?*
You take a slug of water while I say
"stegosaurus' circulatory system"
then you spit the water into my mouth.
We take turns tracing the long history
of this gulp, swap it back and forth after
every guess. You say "the empress' wet
footprint atop the ziggurat". I spit
I say "14th-century French peasants'
onion soup". You spit, you say something like
"Mussolini's afternoon tea". I spit
I say "Uncle Dan's bathwater". The first
one to guffaw or draw a blank loses.
You have always won, knowing more than me,

everything it seems since you taught
yourself to read at three. As she tells it,
Mom went to the bathroom once and came back,
found you two chapters into *Charlotte's Web*.
I have always been jealous of how fast
you read, a little brother not able
to keep up, especially our favorite
series, *Animorphs*, where a group of teens
meet an alien, touch a magic cube
then transform into any animal.
I was only five books in when you read
all 54, twice. God, that was so annoying.
Small concessions: When we played Animorphs
I was the dolphin and you took the hawk.

Recently you said you're ready to turn
into something else, no longer a brother,
but something—a life, a name—much bigger.

After all this time, did I ever say
I think you have a beautiful name?
Three small letters, they must be ancient.
But when you choose a different name I will
call you that. Why not? Centuries ago
desert mystics babbled, their babbles now on my shelf.
Why not? A hero kid from our favorite story
became a dolphin, saved the universe.
Why not? The water in my mouth has been
the water in your mouth has passed endless
other mouths and will enter endless more.
Why not? My whole life I have wanted you
closer so, become bigger, bring your border nearer.
It's your turn. Our water sits in your mouth.
I wait just like I have always waited.
As the Earth tilts, as time shifts, as we live,
we live without a future, only each other.
You spit. You pause. I hear you say *here*.

Arrivals

Apollo Chastain

As if he were already dead, and
merely an imitation of the boy—
perfect, but without color—he
will be held tonight. The other man promised
to buy him a ticket to Florence,
where the paintings are. Yet
the boy is in the windy Midwest,
the older man returning from Sicily, Barcelona, or Budapest,
and the boy still tells him he will pick him up from the airport, and he
will be at the airport, be there even though he knows better.

He doesn't know when to stop.
The boy will go to the airport painted
in the coalescing oils of the Renaissance, toxic
pigments mixed with powdered bone and brains of cow,
garlanded, emerging outside security just as Venus
was birthed from a clamshell in color, century-faded now.
As if he were already dead, his fatal flaw.

Non-native Species

Angela Acosta

Azure sky, leaves trickling down the Northampton sidewalk,
people spraying globular green gunk on dirt;
even grass is different up north,
neither better nor worse,
merely new soil to till.

I feel like an invasive vine
originating from a state of people sweeter than tea.
I photosynthesize near an azalea bush,
not with a bottle of liquid lawn
turning soil into solid “don’t tread on me” scenery.

The first time my boots crushed
compacted snow, I could hear Crescent Beach
where wildflowers on sand dunes
are nothing short of the visual taboo
of seeing grass outlive its season.

Gardening headlines read,
“Put nature on a calendar,
spray to keep barren soil astray”
so that one day artificial
meets chia pets and zeroscaping.

Even meticulous gardeners pardon
a few pesky weeds, forgoing fence posts
to let neighbors picnic in their garden.
Even sprayed grass, disguised as an interloper,
can mark the start of a new season
by appearing in Massachusetts, my new home.

In Praise Of Northern Aggression After Living Without Salted Roads In The South For A Winter

Holiday Noel Campanella

To the sideways parkers and the spot savers,
however you do:
orange cones or
blue and white striped lawn chairs,
a wooden broom between two cinder blocks,
your neighbor's stolen recycling bin.
When it's just about to snow,
or after you chipped your wheels out of ice,
or because it's summer and you wanted to,
How I
love
you.

When it snows in the south
the entire city shuts down.
Don't have the infrastructure for it, they say.
When it snows in the south
the entire city shuts down.
The entire "city" shuts down.
The city shuts down.
Shuts down.
Down.
It shuts down, down here.
I shut down,
down here.

Oh, bring me north again.
Bring me shovels scraping sidewalks
sounds
shish
shish
shish.

Bring me cold
shoulders,
and stunted speech,
salted streets.
Throw your cigarette butt in the brown water
of the Schuylkill.
Call it a prayer
calling me home.

Contributors

Angela Acosta (she/her) is a bilingual Latina poet and PhD Candidate in Iberian Studies at The Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio. She grew up in Gainesville, Florida, and weathered many hurricanes before attending Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts. She won the 2015 Rhina P. Espaillat Award from West Chester University, West Chester, Pennsylvania, for her Spanish poem "El espejo" and her work has appeared in *Radon Journal*, *Panochazine*, *Somos en Escrito*, and *Last Leaves Mag*. She enjoys hiking, rock climbing, and all things Animal Crossing. You can find her on Instagram @aaperiquito.

Beck Anson (he/they) is a queer, trans, psychiatric survivor and writer whose work appears in *Rattle*, *RHINO*, *Humana Obscura*, and others. He writes to start a conversation and believes the personal is political. They have work forthcoming in *The Lumiere Review*, *Morning Fruit Magazine*, *Stone of Madness*, and the anthology, *Beyond Queer Words*. He lives in Northampton, Massachusetts, and is pursuing a Ph.D. in plant biology at UMass-Amherst, Amherst, Massachusetts.

Jessica Berry (she/her) grew up beside the seaside of Bangor, County Down, Northern Ireland. She is an English teacher at the Belfast Model School for Girls—the best reason for her to get out of bed every morning! In 2021, Jessica placed in Bangor's annual poetry contest hosted by the Aspects Literary Festival. Her work has also been included in publications such as *Drawn to the Light* and *A New Ulster*. She is working on her first poetry collection; inspired by Irish myths and fables.

Chris Blexrud (he/him) is a librarian and writer living in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Though he doesn't know how long that will be true: the writer part, or the Albuquerque part, or the living part.

Andy Butter (he/him) is a lecturer at the University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada, where he earned his MFA. His work has appeared or is forthcoming from *Sierra Magazine*, *National Geographic Explorers Journal*, *Passages North*, *Southeast Review*, and elsewhere.

Holiday Noel Campanella grew up in South Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and spent her teenage years working on the boardwalk at the Jersey Shore. She is the editor-in-grief at NINETENTHS Press, an editorial project that ruminates on the inevitability of losing and loss, which she co-edits with her husband in Nashville, Tennessee. While her art and writing have been shown in large museums and small galleries, sold at national retailers, and published in a variety of journals, she's currently the most interested in focusing on what you're reading right now.

Apollo Chastain (ze/hir) is a 20-year-old who writes poetry for people who didn't think they'd make it this far and for kids who don't think they're gonna make it at all. The recipient of the 2021 Marion Devendorf Van Laak Poetry Prize sponsored by the Academy of American Poets and three-time winner of the YoungArts National Competition, Apollo's work appears in *Trans Masc Diaries* and has been featured on Poets.org, a project of The Academy of American Poets. Ze has also appeared under a dead name in journals including *The Rumpus* and *Yes Poetry*. Pay hir a visit at apollopoet.wordpress.com or on Instagram @apollo.chastain.

Ash Good (they/them) is a nonbinary queer poet, designer, and activist. They are all about innovative narrative design, mindfulness, growth mindset, fresh sneakers, motorcycle trips to national parks, and fostering rich creative collaboration. Ash lives in Portland, Oregon, with more than 77 noisy houseplants. They can be found at www.ashgood.com.

Rebecca Green (she/her) is a poet and illustrator based in West Yorkshire, England, in the United Kingdom. She currently focuses on work based around themes of personal identity and belonging. She was named a New Northern Poet by Ilkley Literature Festival in 2021 and was shortlisted for Griot's Well development programme in 2022. Her young daughter also definitely ranks up there with treasured achievements. Find Rebecca on Instagram @rebeccagreenpoetry and Twitter @rebeccagreen58.

J.I. Kleinberg's (she/her) visual poems have been published in print and online journals worldwide. An artist, poet, freelance writer, and three-time Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee, she lives in Bellingham,

Washington, and on Instagram @jikleinberg. Her solo exhibition of visual poems, *Orchestrated Light*, was on view at Peter Miller Books, Seattle, Washington, in May 2022.

Anita Kottapalli (she/her) is currently a medical student residing in Ohio. In her free time, she enjoys writing poetry and nonfiction, and spending time with her cat.

Lady Red Ego (she/her) is a Chinese/Scottish lesbian writer concerned with intimacies. Her first pamphlet, *The Red Ego*, was published in 2019 with Wild Pressed Books and her second pamphlet, *Natural Sugars*, was published in 2020 by Broken Sleep Books. You can find more of her at www.ladyredego.com and follow her on Instagram and Twitter @ladyredego.

Katey Linskey (she/her) is a writer with poetry published and forthcoming in *The West Review*, *Rise Up Review*, *Vagabond City Lit*, and elsewhere. She draws from her experiences growing up in Boston, Massachusetts, and later living in India and Guatemala. She spent six years working in public health, which continues to inform her work as a writer.

Since having her son in 2021, **Kezia Lockhouse**'s (she/her) poetry is inspired by motherhood. She writes when she finds time in the breathing spaces. Follow her on Instagram @kez.the.poet.

Theo Loftis (they/them) was born in the South and lives and works in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Preoccupied by ideas and tactics behind resonance in art and writing, they work to disquiet, expand, and share inquiry through interdisciplinary projects that spark curiosity and connection. They can be found at tdml.info.

Shirley Jones Luke (she/her) is a poet and essayist from Boston, Massachusetts. Ms. Luke holds an MFA from Emerson College, Boston, Massachusetts. Her work focuses on nature and society.

Julia Ongking (she/her) currently lives in her beautiful home country of the Philippines. Born and raised as a Chinese-Filipino, she enjoys developing her perspectives through reading, writing, and having meaningful conversations with people from all walks of life.

Eleanor Porter (she/her) is a writer from the English Midlands who would like to spend more time in her shed writing about traces of lives in the landscape, especially the lives of people who have been overlooked. She mostly spends her days being a mother, a teacher, and raging against the government. Her novels *The Wheelwright's Daughter* and *The Good Wife*, both published by Boldwood Books, look back to the whirl of ideas about witchcraft and alchemy in the sixteenth century. You can find out more on Twitter @elporterauthor.

Sam Schroeder (she/her) is an illustrator and designer living in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Her favorite subjects are postal workers, people carrying flowers, our interactions with cell phones, monsters and ghosts, public transportation, food, and combinations of all the above.

Andrew Shumway (he/him) is 35 and buried under approximately that many inches of paper scraps at all times. His cats disapprove.

Sam Szanto (she/her) holds an MA in Creative Writing from Bath Spa University, Bath, England, and is currently pursuing an MA in Writing Poetry at Newcastle University, Newcastle upon Tyne, England. As a tutor, freelance copy-editor, and proofreader, she has worked on diverse projects ranging from a Mathematics PhD to a Portuguese cookbook. She writes alongside the demands of her two children and old cat, and is currently working on her first poetry pamphlet and short story collection. Her work has appeared in other publications. Follow Sam on Twitter @sam_szanto, Instagram @samszantowriter and Facebook @sam-szanto.

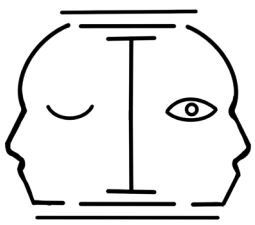
Sarah Terkaoui (she/her) is of dual Middle East/Irish heritage. She has been shortlisted for the Cinnamon Poetry Pamphlet Award 2022, commended in the Goldsmiths Poetry Festival 2022 and the Hippocrates

Poetry Prize 2021, and longlisted for the Live Canon 2021 International Poetry Competition. Her work appears in anthologies as well as *Ink, Sweat & Tears*, *Green Ink Poetry*, *The Storms*, *Dreich* and *Wee Dreich*. She most recently appeared as part of the Live Canon Lunchtime series and the Poets for the Ukraine Poem-a-thon fundraiser. She is currently completing her MA in Writing Poetry at The Poetry School/Newcastle University, Newcastle upon Tyne, England, and working on her first collection.

Editors

L.M. Camiolo (she/her) is a writer and editor originally from New York and currently based in Philadelphia. She is a former poetry editor for *Toho Journal*, and her work is published or forthcoming in *A Coup of Owls*, *The Daily Drunk*, *Storyteller's Refrain*, *Bullshit Lit Mag*, *Doghouse*, *FEED*, *antonym*, and elsewhere. She is editor of *Dark Entries*, a journal for dark poetry and flash fiction, and she co-hosts a podcast, *Let's Talk About Snacks*. You can find her on Instagram @shoresofpluto and at lmcamiolo.wordpress.com.

Hailing from rural Western New York, **Coral O'Leary** (she/her) is a lake-effect snow ex-pat, current New Yorker, queer poet, cultural worker, and asexual aromantic-spectrum lesbian. Her Pushcart Prize-nominated work has appeared in *Minnow Literary Magazine*, *Baby Teeth Journal*, *SORTES*, *Lavender Review*, and elsewhere. Coral can be found on Instagram @ohcoralpoetry or www.coraloleary.com.



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